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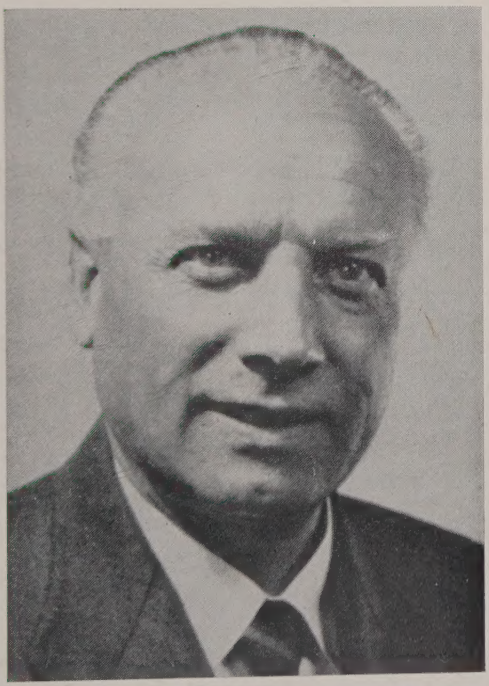
Fellowship



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The Revolution in Guatemala

by Sid Lens

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FELLOWSHIP

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The WORLD in FOCUS

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Hope in Alabama

This editorial began as an expression of sorrow. In Alabama a mob of racists had brought a great university to its knees. Because the mob had frightened the trustees of the University of Alabama with its threats to lynch Autherine Juanita Lucy, the university's first Negro student, these influential men had capitulated. They had forbidden Miss Lucy—who herself had not succumbed to their fear—to return to classes "for her own protection."

There is sorrow enough in this fact alone, but this was not what we had begun to write about. There was a deeper sorrow, not for the pusillanimity of prosperous, frightened adults, but for the silence of the youth. From the inflamed campus had come no report of any revulsion on the part of the students.

Fear of the future is to be expected from the pillars of almost any community. It is from the youth that courage and new insights must come. And nothing of that, apparently, had come from Alabama.

But in the middle of the writing of the editorial, a dispatch came in from Murray Kempton, the New York *Post's* great reporter.* We wish it were possible to reprint Kempton's report in its entirety, but space limitations forbid. By all means find it and read it if you can.

> Dennis Holt, (the dispatch began) is stringy and skinny and is the national debating champion of the U.S. He is also president of the student body of the College of Arts and Sciences of the University of

* New York Post, February 8, 1956. Quoted by permission.

Alabama and, oddly enough for a tall, thin boy who does not play basketball, is something of a hero on his campus.

Night before last the holy war against one poor, lonely Negro woman (Autherine Lucy) settled down near midnight outside the home of O. C. Carmichael, the beset president of Alabama University. What was left of the rioteers hollered for the head of their president, and Mrs. Carmichael came out to beg them to leave. Denis Holt stood by the steps of the presidential mansion and watched what happened.

"Somebody called out, 'Let's go get 'em,' said Dennis Holt last night. And three people—two high school boys and a man so drunk that he could hardly lurch—walked up those steps. And some of us stepped in front of them and one of us said, 'You're not going anywhere. You know, they fell back.'

"That's all it took—just a little resistance."

But there was no other resistance; the grownups had already capitulated in giving the mob what it wanted. . . .

Dennis Holt, with the example of the grownups—the university trustees—in his mind, called together the members of Alabama's Student Government Association next day. He spoke to them about democracy, about mob rule, and about honor. Then he proposed a resolution denouncing mob violence and calling on the university to find means to protect the personal safety of the students—white or Negro—and the faculty and the reputation of the university.

When he finished they applauded him for 35 seconds—"too long," wrote Kempton, "to be quite proper for 60 people. They seemed to keep it going out of some need to affirm what they had had waited so long to hear someone say so loud and clear."

Earlier in the day the faculty had heard the university's president plead for support of the trustees' action. It had heard, too, one of its own members say that it would be better for the university to suspend operations if it could not quell future riots. But after that, "with eyes cast down and heads averted, the majority of the Alabama faculty voted to adjourn and support surrender.

"A few hours later," Kempton concluded, "the student leaders met and, without a vote dissenting or a head averted, cast their future behind Dennis Holt.

"It is perhaps too much to hope that any of us are as good as our children; we can only thank God that they are better."

DULLES and the BRINK of WAR

by A. J. Muste

SELDOM IF EVER has an article caused such an uproar as the one that appeared in the January 16 issue of *Life* Magazine entitled "How Dulles Averted War Three Times." The author, James Shepley, Chief of the Time-Life Washington Bureau, based his writing on a confidential interview with Dulles himself. Toward its end he ascribes to the Secretary of State "the greatest display of personal diplomacy since the great days of the Franklin-Adams-Jefferson triumvirate in the Europe of the 1780s!" There appear to be quite a few dissenters from that evaluation in the United States; in Europe, judging by reports from all quarters, practically nobody agrees with it.

For reasons that I shall state later, I am as shocked and distressed as anyone by Dulles' remarks and by the U.S. foreign policy to which they relate. I must confess, however, that the reaction on the part of many of Dulles' critics here and abroad seems to me highly emotional. It reflects the state of jitters that afflicts many political leaders and people generally, especially in the West, in the bleak days when the "Spirit of Geneva" is no longer a phrase to conjure with. We have to look, therefore, at the recent Bulganin-Khrushchev visit to India and Burma, and at Cyprus, Egypt, Israel, Jordan, Afghanistan, Indonesia and other such places, rather than to the actual *content* of Dulles' pronouncement, for the explanation of the intensity of the reaction to it. The *tone* and *timing* are, of course, something else.

Dulles' first major proposition is

that one of the chief underlying causes of war is *miscalculation.* "All the great wars of modern history," paraphrases Mr. Shepley, "were started by national leaders who thought they could get away with it. When they found out that they could not, it was too late."

Well, this is what our nonpacifist friends have dinned into our ears for at least four decades. "If England had only made it unmistakably clear to the Kaiser that it wouldn't permit him to get away with it. . . ." "If Hitler had only been put on notice soon enough...." And so on. This—so nonpacifists agree—is why we must have solid "collective security" in being all the time, so that the aggressor will not commit a "miscalculation" as to the forces with which he must reckon if he crosses the line.

The Concept of Deterrence

This course of reasoning leads straight to the concept of *"deterrence,"* which is Dulles' second major proposition. How do you "prevent war"? How do you "deter" the big neighbor nation from walking straight over you? What do all the practical people din into our ears year after year except the refrain that you have to be able to maintain a military establishment which the enemy will respect? When he knows that you are so strong that it won't "pay" him to attack, he will not attack—so goes the argument. It is supposed to be as plain as day.

Ultimate reliance on military defenses is the universal practice of nations. That includes those of East and West, those recently defeated as well as the recently victorious, and even those like Nehru and Tito who say they "oppose all blocs except a peace bloc" but who spend sizable sums on their military budgets nevertheless. Here in the United States, of course, it includes those Democrats who criticize Eisenhower and Dulles for putting the military budget too low, at the same time that they belabor Dulles for endangering the peace.

From another angle, this picture of nations building their military establishments is a picture of nations constantly engaged in H-power rivalry, feeling each other out here and there, pushing ahead when they can, retreating when they must, and always seeking to calculate each other's actual and potential military resources. For this calculation is an integral part of the "game" that rests on the assumption of all governments that the *ultima ratio* of nations, the last resort when survival, honor, and national interest are at stake, is war! (A corollary is the assumption that the mere existence of frightful weapons "deters" the other fellow, but that the weapons are made to be used in a showdown.) In other words, "we have to prevent the next war *and* we have to win it."

To the "Brink of War"

This is a dangerous, risky business, as in certain moods everybody recognizes even while maintaining that this is *the* way to ward off danger and "deter" the aggressor. Moreover, in this jockeying for position nations frequently get to the "brink of war." This is what Mr. Dulles blurted out. Was he not speaking the truth—better perhaps than he was aware?

Furthermore, you *try* to employ your diplomacy backed by your arms and the threat to use them, *in such a way that you don't have to go to war to gain your objective.*

If, however, you succeed, this does not lead you to disband or seriously reduce your military establishment. What nation ever did? If you are scared to play this game, scared to "go to the brink," then you are lost.

Is this an invention of Mr. Dulles'?

Hideous "Practicality"

Do not most of our theologians still expouse these concepts of sovereignty, deterrence and the *ultima ratio* of states? Is not the position of the most distinguished of them in the United States and Great Britain precisely that if these nations keep up their strength we can both prevent war and overcome Communism, and that for the United States to let down would be the surest way to bring on war?

What is this in terms of *real politics* except what Dulles says: *"The ability to go to the verge without getting into war is the necessary art"?*

Dulles is right—so much more right than he intended to be. What he talks about is, in the estimation of all "practical" people—statesmen, ordinary citizens, most of our spiritual and secular leaders—"the necessary art." *It is also a hideous, immoral, diabolical art, as people instinctively feel when it is crudely spelled out for them as Mr. Dulles spelled it!*

This is "the necessary art" of defense, the "posture of strength" that *seems* to defend, deter and provide strength but that *in practice* leads to war. The calculation that stockpiles of H-bombs will fend off war is itself the great new fatal "miscalculation." But who will contend that the doctrine of the deterrent efficacy of H-bombs is a private theory of John Foster Dulles, and not also of Sir Winston Churchill or Khrushchev? Each of them on occasion has said as much, though not in the inimitably provocative Dullesian accents. Sir Anthony Eden made it the basis of British foreign policy in a major address at a Conservative Party rally in the very midst of the uproar over the Dulles piece.

As to Mr. Dulles' *way* of saying things, not much needs to be said since, although it serves to throw sand occasionally into the gears of diplomacy, it is in the end what he says that matters rather than how he says it. Still more important, it is the policy actually pursued by the United States and other nations, not the words used to set it forth, that determines the course of events. As James Reston of the *New York Times* comments on Dulles' relation to the Democrats here: "The Democrats have produced no clear alternative to his policies, even in the Middle East. Nor do they complain so much about what he does. But what he says drives them nuts."

The Art of Diplomatic Blunder

My private theory of how Mr. Dulles has developed "the art of diplomatic blundering" to such a high degree is that he has the habit of lawyers dealing in corporate or international cases, of constructing an intricate intellectual-logical case that pays no attention to the *emotional* reactions of hearers and readers, since in such cases they do not count. In public and diplomatic affairs, however, they certainly do, as the Secretary of State has once more discovered.

Mr. Dulles gets into trouble also because he fancies himself as a military strategist and sees the international scene as a chessboard,

with himself as the player capable of the cleverest moves. Of course, the fact that with all this he also thinks of himself as a highly moral man and loses his temper sometimes when his political conduct is challenged on moral grounds, does not tend to soften the reaction his "boners" elicit from ordinary mortals who tend to discuss their politics and their Christian professions in separate speeches made at least a week apart.

Finally, what does the *Life* article reveal as to the foreign policy that will be pursued by Dulles and the Eisenhower Administration if they remain in office? Does the article constitute, as someone has suggested, a confession of a determination "to resort, not just to deterrence, but to threat and bluff, and an utterly irresponsible readiness to hurl the world into atomic war, not for any good that could come out of it, but just to smash the other side"?

I believe this is not an accurate and balanced estimate of the case. The policy of "deterrence" inevitably involves threat and bluff: it is, after all, your fantastically destructive weapons *as things that might be used,* not as abstractions, that are supposed to bring the other fellow to his senses and moderate his course.

On the other hand, each statesman does in one sense expect that the military forces at his country's command will serve as a check on the opposing nation, as the opposing nation's do in a temporary and limited sense serve to determine and "deter" his own country's course. I see no reason for making Dulles out to be a purely exceptional and devilish kind of devil who *hopes* deterrence will fail.

It follows that I do not think we should regard the *Life* article as meaning that either Dulles personally or the Eisenhower Administration has now switched *from* a "peace" policy of "deterrence" supposedly prevalent at Geneva last July, *to* another and more belligerent policy of "threat and bluff and irresponsible readiness to hurl the world into atomic war." In addition to considerations I have already set down, this interpretation would in my opinion imply that at Geneva in July the United States made a more fundamental turn in the direction of "peace" than either it or the U.S.S.R. actually did make.

Life's Timing

This brings us to one of the main reasons, I surmise, for the *timing* of the *Life* article. It seems to me it must be read in the light of the Czechoslovak arms deal with Egypt, the intervention of the Soviet Union in the Middle East, its open siding with some of the Arab nations against Israel, the Chinese military build-up off Formosa, the Khrushchev attacks on the West during his Indian tour, the Siberian H-bomb test, and so on. The Soviet leaders certainly are making it clear that whatever the "new course" means, it does not mean that Russia has contracted out of the power struggle or is cutting down its armaments. Dulles has announced, in effect, that the United States operates in the same terms.

I have purposely phrased the matter thus because I do not think there is any substantial ground for saying that Russia "aggresses" and *then* the U.S. "defends" itself, or vice versa. Each, as an American analyst recently phrased it, has "a stranglehold on the other's neck." Each is constantly defending and

aggressing, aggressing and defending. The upshot is that the international situation is delicate and full of explosive possibilities. As Anthony Eden said: "There is plenty of tinder about."

For home consumption, the Dulles article was presumably intended, as the Presidential election campaign gets under way, to assure all and sundry that Eisenhower-Dulles are not "soft" toward Communism and thus to deprive the Knowland-Bridges group of an issue in determining the Republican candidate in case Eisenhower does not run. It was obviously also intended by the Luce papers as a powerful Republican campaign document. This one backfired on the public relations tycoon because the issue of peace and war is more solemn and goes deeper than a plank in a campaign platform.

The hopeful and positive aspect of the situation is that there is, whatever *appearances* there may be to the contrary, no departure from the one thing "Geneva" did mean: *a recognition on the part of both the U.S. and U.S.S.R. high commands that for the present general nuclear war is out.* (Among other things, the Republicans will give a lot to keep the international situation from a big eruption during an election year.) That both power blocs are mulling over such tricky and dangerous ideas as "limited retaliation" and "graduated deterrence" is, alas, also true, and in the nature of things as they are.

Our job, therefore, seems to me not to give any countenance to the idea that if Mr. Dulles were out, the skies would become permanently clear. It is, rather, to help American and Western people generally, to understand that they did well to be shocked and outraged by the *Life* article, not only because it gave them a picture of Dulles, but much more because it revealed the world as it is today and the course which they themselves and their governments are treading. If we are to be saved, the whole concept of power-states must be abandoned and war itself renounced. We need to call ourselves to repentance, in which event John Foster Dulles might join us.

Preparedness

Knowing the explosion would happen
they jumped back farther than it pushed them
in an action so complete and well done
that everything that would have happened, happened.

Did the explosion really occur?
Nobody ever heard.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD

"We have SO MANY like that"

A WEE BIT OF A PLAY IN ONE SMALL ACT

by Alfred Hassler

The United States Steel Hour, after having purchased the television script "The General's Other Son," has notified author Andrew McCullough that it has decided not to produce it. The play, an award winner in a competition conducted by the Fund for the Republic for television scripts on a civil liberties theme, concerns an Army general who seeks the post of chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Just as his personal publicity campaign gets into high gear, the general's son comes on the scene to announce that he is a conscientious objector and will not answer his draft notice. Producers of the U. S. Steel Hour explained their action on the grounds that they "have so many scripts like it."—**News item, Sunday, January 22, 1956.**

SCENE: The office of the producer of the U. S. Steel Hour. It is small, roughly the size of a gunboat, with a large, gleaming stainless steel desk squarely in the center. The decor is all in steel grey; the room is severely simple and neat except for a pile of broken cannon and pieces of old battleship in one corner. Aside from these, the only decoration is a stylized steel dove with a seven-foot wingspread hovering over the desk. Seated behind the desk is the producer, JONATHAN WOOLMAN, smoking a steel pipe and staring aimlessly into a polished steel mirror. This scene holds, silent and motionless, for exactly two minutes (symbolic of the two-minute silence formerly observed on the old Armistice Day): then the door bursts open to admit the Hour's director, GREGORY FOCKS, waving a manuscript excitedly in his right hand.

FOCKS: Hot ziggity!

There is no immediate response from WOOLMAN, who smokes moodily.

FOCKS: Boy, J. W., have I got a script!

WOOLMAN *(removing pipe from mouth with a sad smile):* Good?

FOCKS: Good? It's the greatest, J. W. Best thing we've ever had on the U. S. Steel *(he stops and genuflects in the direction of Pittsburgh)* Hour.

WOOLMAN: Title?

FOCKS: Wonderful title, J. W. Has everything. THE GENERAL'S OTHER SON. All about this general, see? He's angling for the top—Chief of the Joint Chiefs, see? But just when he gets going—

WOOLMAN: Don't tell me, Focksie! Lemme figure it out for myself like the genius I am. *(Takes deep puff on pipe, blows out steel-colored smoke.)* The General's Other Son, eh? Lessee now. Oh, yeah. So the general's son comes to him and say, "Hey, look, I'm a conscientious objector, and I ain't goin' in the army." Right?

FOCKS *(awed):* J. W., I don't see how you do it! You *are* a genius!

WOOLMAN: Genius, schmenius! What's so smart about figuring a plot comes in with every other script we get? *(Claps hand to head, rises and paces furiously back and forth.)* Why can't we ever get anything different? Don't script writers know about any characters but conchies?

FOCKS: But, J. W., business—

WOOLMAN: Yes, I know. I KNOW! Always business! Hasn't art a place on television, too? Isn't there a value to integrity? So the American Friends Service Committee bought fourteen typewriters last year, all steel! So the Fellowship of Reconciliation switched from brass pencil sharpeners to steel! Must we sell our artistic souls to this mad lust for profit?

FOCKS: But J. W.—

WOOLMAN *(flopping back into chair):* Why can't we ever have any sojers? Conchies are all right. I like conchies. Some of my best friends are conchies. But people like sojers, too. *Why can't we have some sojers again?*

FOCKS *(subdued):* The general would be a sojer, J. W.

W O O L M A N (screaming): But he ain't sympathetic! I want sympathetic sojers. *(Broodingly.)* Lookit our last three programs, Focksie. Last week? HOPALONG MUSTE RIDES AGAIN! "Passive resistance leads a band of desperate horse-thieves to matriculate at Union Theological Seminary!"

FOCKS: Dr. Niebuhr loved it.

WOOLMAN: And the week before that? An original mystery by Alfred Hitchcock: WHO TURNED THE OTHER CHEEK? And before that GANDHI MEETS HIS SATYAGRAHA! I tell ya, Focksie, it's got to stop! I'll go mad, mad, mad!

FOCKS *(soothingly):* Okay, Chief. So we won't do THE GENERAL'S OTHER SON. But what'll I tell the author? We awready bought it from him.

WOOLMAN *(grimly):* Tell him the truth, thassall. Tell him we got too many scripts like this now. And then go out and get me a show with some sojers. *(His voice rises hysterically.)* I don't care if they fire me—I want some sojers. Lots and lots of sojers! You hear me, Focksie—sojers, I said. Sojers, sojers — — —

Fade out, slowly

The Revolution In Guatemala

by Sid Lens

Since 1954, when the American-sponsored Castillo Armas regime came to power with the promise of reforms, workers in town and country have tasted the bitter fruits of graft and reaction.

AFTER fifteen months, what has happened to the American-made revolution in Guatemala? Probably no event since the landing of the Marines in Nicaragua has cost the United States so much prestige or engendered so much enmity to "*Yanqui* imperialism." The characters in the play were so obviously puppets of the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency that the results of the revolution would inevitably be credited or debited to Uncle Sam. Not that the Latin-American peoples resented intervention per se, but they resented the U.S.'s ceaseless intervention on the side of reaction.

As events turned out their fears were not ungrounded. The State Department today is moving heaven and earth to give the Castillo Armas regime an aura of liberalism and democracy, but the results are pathetic. Socially the country has moved backward. The initiative has passed back into the hands of the reactionary landowners, and short-sighted employers who cannot tell the difference between a legitimate trade union and a Communist one. Despite yeoman efforts in the American Embassy, anxious to expunge the evil smell of the revolution, the trend is unmistakably toward the right. The social gains made under Arevalo and Arbenz are being frittered away and diluted into impotence. The regime often talks sweet, but the mailed fist—anti-labor and anti-peasant—has been too exposed and too forceful to leave any doubts. If it were not for America's concern for world opinion, and the pressures that stem from this, Castillo would long ago have trod the typical path

toward complete Latin-American dictatorship. As it is, only a miracle can save the day.

Before the revolution in June 1954 there were some 330 unions in Guatemala, with 107,000 members —both workers and peasants. There is little doubt that organized labor was a real force in the country. As of October 1955 there were only 27 recognized unions, and the most optimistic membership figure is 20,000. Probably the number is closer to 12,000, and if you deduct the railroad workers—5000 or 6000 strong—the figure is even less impressive. Four times now the government has extended Decree 21, which lays down procedures for reorganizing the unions, and still only a small proportion has done so. Fear and apathy have permeated the working class.

Prices Up, Unions Down

Since the revolution, the cost of living has gone up—some sources say 5 percent, many trade union sources claim as much as 40 percent. Certainly the cost of corn and beans, Guatemala's food staples, pyramided like mad this summer. If it were not for 30,000 tons of corn imported from the U.S., the food shortage would have been most severe. But despite higher prices, despite innumerable abuses and discharges, and despite the fact that strikes are theoretically "legal," there has been only one tiny strike, involving thirty workers, during the whole Castillo Armas regime. Labor's role is defensive and feeble. One union—anti-Communist—which had 3000 members during the old regime now has 150. One of the explanations for this amazing state of affairs is that the new constitution was not promulgated until very recently. It was supposed to be finished by September 15, but it was not passed by the Constituent Assembly until February 1956, and was not due to go into effect until March 1. The delay was hardly justified for a government which supposedly was to save the common man from the evils of "Communist dictatorship." Even without a constitution the popular forces could have been, and should have been strengthened. But in "revolutionary" Guatemala the trend has been in exactly the opposite direction, toward strengthening the old atavistic classes and the inevitable *nouveaux riches.*

New—and Worse—Evils for Old

How could it be otherwise? The first offensive of the "revolutionary" regime was against the workers and peasants. Literally thousands of unionists were thrown out of work, and many were jailed. Some were killed. Every union militant was ipso facto labeled a Communist and the employers had a Roman holiday getting rid of the hated labor leaders—Communist and non-Communist alike. United Fruit Company officials told me they had discharged seventy or eighty such men; the excuse used was that they had been absent from work for more than two consecutive days. Under the labor code such absence was cause for discharge, and United Fruit hewed to the letter of the law. But under the circumstances of revolution, when the rebel armies and police were searching high and low for all Arbenz followers, what could these men do but flee to the hills? No one was under any misapprehension: discharge of the leaders meant the emasculation of the labor organizations. And emasculated they have been, just as Guatemalan democracy in general has been.

When the jails were emptied at long last—with hundreds in exile in Mexico—the unions were told to "reorganize." Any group of twenty workers could petition for an election and after voting in a new slate it needed only to be "screened" for Communists, before it could again regain its treasury and right to bargain. Sometimes this was a long process. Generally, however, workers were afraid to stick their necks out. They were suspicious of the Castillo government from the outset. Contrary to our propaganda back home, they considered the "Communist" Arbenz government as *their* government, the government which had given them social security laws, which had recognized their rights to function, which always favored them in disputes with management. True, there had been many seamy sides to this picture, such as the Stalinist dictatorship in the unions, and the many physical abuses and injustices practiced by the Communist leaders. But none of this could erase the basic pro-labor features of the Arbenz regime. For the first time in history, under Arbenz and his predecessor Arevalo, unions were legal and forceful. Now came Castillo Armas, and the labor forces greeted him with stony suspicion.

Progress for Rich, Poverty for Poor

Unfortunately he exceeded their fears. He destroyed their unions, withdrew the land reform and frittered away fifteen precious months with nothing more productive than a few roads, mostly American-financed. Whether Castillo himself is to blame, or the men around him, is of no importance. The results are what the average Guatemalan sees and feels.

The "revolution against Communism" quickly transformed itself into a revolution against the people—a counter-revolution. Flushed with confidence, the old landowners went back to their *fincas* and began to throw their weight around. Many peasants had seized land by force, others had been given small parcels by the government. Now, with Castillo in the saddle, many landowners burned the crops of their peasants, let the cattle out to forage in the cornfields, and expelled some hapless landworkers at gunpoint. On the large government-owned plantations, mostly consisting of land taken from German owners during the war, the peasant was relieved of his land and put back to work as a wage worker for eighty cents a day. Agricultural wages generally went down, and the fatalistic Indian, accustomed to the innumerable promises of innumerable governments, resigned himself to another era of frustration. In a few days, under the banner of "anti-Communism," the Castillo Armas regime undid the good works of the past two governments—land reform and protection for the labor unions.

Reality Belies "Pending" Reforms

Of course, the regime promised to give the workers "real" unions and the peasants "real" land reform. But those promises are now fifteen months old. In the meantime the initiative rests with the rightists in the regime. There is a fairly free press, but no opposition has the right to organize a political party or group. There are many good laws pending—a new land reform, an income tax law (there is none in Guatemala), and the like. But they are pending, not yet real; they may never be enacted. The reality is in the opposite direction.

Some months ago, the government took away two basic rights of the workingman: the right to be reinstated if wrongfully discharged, and the right of agricultural workers on farms with less than 500 workers (just about all except the United Fruit and government farms) to organize unions. Smaller rights too were withdrawn, such as the right of union officials to absent themselves on union business. Wages of many types of workers were actually cut—certain groups of schoolteachers, for instance—in the face of a rising cost of living.

Graft and corruption, the Achilles' heel of the Arbenz regime, are flourishing again and on a wider scale. Businessmen told me that you could bribe your way right up to the top office in the country. Certainly many of Castillo's friends are becoming rich, and he himself had great difficulty explaining away the $25,000 he received from a corn speculator at the time of a corn shortage. The excuse that it was repayment of a loan sounded flimsy from a man who professed to be deathly poor only a few months before. The "revolution against Communism" thus becomes a revolution for personal aggrandizement, typical of so many Latin-American revolutions.

Consequences for U.S.

If the revolution itself gave the United States a black eye all over the world, then the results of this subsequent period can only hurt us still more.

For the simple, salient, unalterable fact is that our State Department is pressed by selfish and greedy interests to support reaction and dictatorship in Latin America. United Fruit can give you some very impressive statistics about what they have done for Guatemala. And in fact those statistics are all true. They have cleared away jungle land that was previously inaccessible. They have lowered the incidence of yellow fever and malaria to the vanishing point. They have built schools, hospitals, homes. They pay higher wages than their competitors. All true, exact, and quite imposing for the casual student.

The Dictators' *Yanqui* Friends

But the more basic fact of United Fruit—and U.S. government—policy is that it is the handmaiden of dictatorship and reaction; that it can only exist unhampered under a corrupt government; that it owns many of these governments; that the Presidents of whole countries, such as Honduras today, are former United Fruit lawyers; that generals, like former Guatemala dictator Ubico, are cronies and puppets of the big company. These alliances hinder the development of the Central American countries, and preserve an unhealthy and rotten social structure. In all of Guatemala today there are only 200,000 consumers; the rest live at subsistence levels off the land. Most of the population is Indian, and it exists almost as it did during Mayan times—materially, culturally, spiritually. It is illiterate, poor, sickly, haunted by hookworm and other diseases. It lives in inaccessible places, believes in age-old superstitions, still worships idols. It is a world apart, the real heart of Guatemala, around which a shell of capitalism has been grafted. This shell of capitalism—the roads, railroads, tractors, adding machines, and Coca-Cola—is the part which United Fruit and similar forces publicize. But it is precisely this cap-

italist shell which has entrenched those reactionary powers and which prevents feudalism and tribalism from progressing to the next historical stage.

Certainly the United Fruit Company has improved conditions for the 9000 people on its farms, and the 5000 on its railroad. But what of the other three million people who have been kept in age-old backwardness by the reactionary governments sponsored and aided by the company—and, unfortunately, acceded to by our State Department?

The Tragic Interior

Herein is the tragedy of economic imperialism—that it reentrenches reaction, feudalism, tribal systems. Any visitor to Guatemala who travels into the interior can see the results with his own eyes. Take the colorful village of Chichicastenango, less than 100 miles from Guatemala City.

On Thursdays and Sundays the Indians come down from the hills to the market at Chichicastenango. In colorful costumes, often to the beating of drums, they move along paths trod by their forebears many generations ago. The women sling babies over their backs and carry odds and ends such as chickens and textiles atop their heads. The men are weighted down with wood, sugar, corn, chairs, and a thousand other items perched on their backs and held in place by a leather band over the forehead.

On one hillside just one kilometer from town, a medicine man swings a cup of burning incense back and forth in front of an ancient idol, while his followers kneel and pray in their ancient Quiche language. Periodically he stirs a fire and fills the cup with more incense. Less than a mile away other Indians are performing a similar incense-swinging ceremony, but this time in front of the Catholic Church of St. Thomas. The costumes are the same, and the Indians, too, are of one mold and one culture, though seemingly they worship different gods. For although the white man—Spanish and North American—has come and stayed, has dug ditches, built airports and sprayed the cities with DDT, here in Chichicastenango and scores of other Chichicastenangos practically nothing has changed. The products at the market are corn, brown sugar caked in squares and circles, primitive but well-woven textiles, fruits, the inevitable *frijoles,* and the like—products and people that are little altered from the ancient past. Just about everyone is barefoot and signs of disease, such as women with unseemly goiters, are omnipresent.

The "Lazy" Indians

The white man has written much about these Indians and has invented many fairy tales about how lazy they are and how difficult it is to civilize them. But no one explains why, after 400 years of Spanish, and now of United Fruit civilization, the Indians still cannot read or write, still live so close to the soil in faraway and inaccessible places. Why didn't the white man, with his bulldozers and engineering genius, build roads to the Indian villages? Why hasn't he, after 400 years of Spanish, British, and U.S. penetration, built schools and changed agriculture?

The fact is that the white man—now primarily the U.S. white man—hasn't and doesn't want to. The white man has placed a thin veneer of capitalism around Spanish feu-

dalism and Mayan tribalism. He has taken much out of Guatemala in bananas and coffee. And, truth to tell, he has also brought back much to Guatemala in toothpaste and Cadillacs and refrigerators. But the new era stays put in Guatemala City, in the plush homes of the *finca* owners and the bubbling middle class. It does not reach down to Chichicastenango; it remains in the big middle-class city, signifying a sort of mixing of two antithetical societies living side by side but hardly touching.

Needed Reforms, Crucial Mistakes

It was this situation that Arbenz, and before him Arevalo, set out to change. Arevalo came to power at the end of thirteen years of Ubico dictatorship. The country certainly needed a little "leftism." What it got was a labor code, free unions, the secret ballot, democracy. Under Arbenz it went further—land reform, the lifelong dream of the peasant who works on the *fincas* for thirty or fifty cents a day. Arbenz made many mistakes. He permitted many corrupt people in his retinue to become rich. He himself was the country's wealthiest cotton producer—averaging perhaps $250,000 a year. He took the Communists into his regime and permitted them powers that they should not have had.

Regardless of this, however, and regardless of the other weaknesses of the Arbenz regime, the only sensible course was to replace it with something that would continue the social change—not a regime that would turn back the clock. There can be little doubt that the U.S. State Department would have preferred something much better. But such is its blind antipathy to Communism that, in a choice between a government that had a Communist veneer and one which had a reactionary base, it chose reaction as the lesser evil. Thus continues the long series of fruitless "struggles against Communism" through the support of Chiang Kai-shek, Bao Dai, Zahedi, Syngman Rhee, and now Castillo Armas. Most of these others ended in painful débacle for American policy, yet the technique of buying up reactionaries seems to continue.

Two Gantlets for Reaction

What we have bought with our guns and our money in Guatemala is trouble. There have already been three efforts to unseat the Castillo government; there will undoubtedly be others. For revolutions which do not have a popular base must run two gantlets simultaneously: one made up of their own cronies who want to steal more, and the other comprising the steel hatred of the masses whom it ignores and flaunts.

The first law of "revolutions against Communism" is that they must be *revolutions*, not merely changes in political power.

Sid Lens, director of Local 329, United Services Employees Union (AFL-CIO) in Chicago, toured nine Latin-American countries last summer. Over the past five years Mr. Lens has traveled around the world, visiting a total of 42 countries on five continents. He is a contributor to **Dissent**, the **Progressive**, and other magazines, and is the author of **Left, Right and Center** and **The Counterfeit Revolution**. His latest book, **A World in Revolution**, was recently published by Frederick A. Praeger.

we walked with VINOBA

a letter from India

by Muriel Lester

THIS IS A much more leisurely tour than has been customary for me and we are having a series of unexpected encounters that are thoroughly bracing and also nourishing to one's faith in the human race.

That last phrase is the result of two or three days in the vicinity of the famous caves of Ajauta or Ellora. Some three centuries before Christ, Buddhist devotees, priests and ascetics found the remoteness and beauty of the hills in this part of Hyderabad so ideal for prolonged meditation that one after another of them settled here and hewed out from the steep, stark rock face, cells for themselves and for visitors, and soon great halls for communal worship.

The utter austerity, spaciousness and majesty of these thirty caves do not tend, as one might have imagined, to humble one but rather to enhance one's pride at belonging to the same race as these architectural and spiritual geniuses.

After traveling two nights by train, we reached the village of Kadiam in the newly constituted state of Andhra. Here we were to have the long-desired experience of joining up with the Bhoodan (land gift) workers and of walking with Vinoba Bhave (Vinobaji). Two years ago in the deep south of India I had seen something of these intensely practical and confident-looking marchers. I had been at the huge meeting called to welcome the return of one group led by a Christian youth who had recently handed over all his land to Vinoba. I was called upon to say a word and expressed regret that, as a foreigner having no land in India, I could not join the move-

ment. Afterwards the chairman informed me that those who regularly contributed their prayers were accepted as members. Ever since, I have been visualizing Vinoba's prayer meetings and conversations and speeches asking for gifts of land from rich and poor. Now I was to find something far transcending such a program.

We were taken from the train to the office of the Panchayat (village council), which had been emptied to accommodate the whole company. Vinoba strode out to welcome us, directed us to our room and started off to the meeting. We were just in time, for punctuality in this movement is an affair of actual seconds. . . .

Mutual Help Is the Law of God

We found about 2000 villagers sitting there, listening to this serene, vigorous, friendly person whose straggling white beard and half-lens spectacles make him so easily recognizable. He was explaining to them that, land or no land, nothing prospers unless we have good relationships with each other and respect for those who differ from us; that mutual help and willingness to come to the aid of our fellows is the law of God; that we all know that this is so; that we must carry out this law even if others don't; that if we persevere, we shall find it spreading round the world; therefore he was asking them now to join in a silent prayer together which would last five minutes.

There was depth and nourishment in that prayer.

Then Vinobaji talked and new hope spread. The villagers seemed to see in him a liberator, freeing many thousands from land hunger, and millions from hopelessness and incipient bitterness. He talked about being a good citizen and what this means in our daily habits. He pointed out that quick money may tempt us but land remains; that land is what makes life possible; that producing food thereon is a joy, but to use it for growing tobacco is wrong while so many are starving.

Then, suddenly, with no show of emotion the meeting ended and we all dispersed. It seemed to me as though the Kingdom of Heaven was being announced and the nonviolent were taking it by storm. I have rarely, if ever, spent a couple of days with such a gay, carefree, common-sensible, devoted group. Of course there isn't time to brood over injuries, imagined or actual, when one has to get up every morning in time to attend prayers at 3:30 a.m., do half an hour of spinning and then get the whole camp gear packed up and ready to start out by starlight at the very stroke of five o'clock for the next village nine miles away.

Preceded by two stable lanterns, we walked off next morning in high-spirited silence. There was an infectious sense of expectancy, as of unknown blessings ahead, of something clean and good awaiting us and awaiting the whole world if it cared to claim it and pay the price, the price of meekness.

As the sun rose, villagers from far-away areas appeared, greeting Vinoba with a banana, a question, or a few flowers. He stopped to take his 2½-hourly diet of honey and buttermilk or fruit juice. By 8:45 he reached Rajamundry, where a government school had induced him to give away its annual prizes and about 2000 people turned up to hear him speak.

Our hosts arranged for one of

their local sympathizers to tag along in a car just behind us so that, after a three-mile walk, we were sped along to rest and await the others. Vinoba reached the camp about 9:30 and we expected to see him rest. But no! There, seated on the ground, were nine or ten very obviously orthodox Brahmins; facing them stood the man they had come to question. Looking particularly happy and poised, he was saying; "But I am one of you. I too love our sacred scriptures. I delight in the Vedas and am sustained by the same texts as you are." Then he gently emphasized the paramount importance of sharing these truths with the villagers and of working out the philosophy in the economics of daily living.

How the Land Gifts Work

Now at last, about 10 o'clock, the whole company was free to bathe and take its first light meal. During the meal one of the secretaries, an able young woman who has been working full time in Bhoodan for the last two and a half years, told me something of the mechanics of the work. (None of the company gets a salary, incidentally—all food is provided by the villages they pass through.)

I was surprised to learn that distributing the land is a more difficult job than getting it. It is easiest when a whole village is donated, as has happened hundreds of times.

One man gave twenty acres to twenty Harijans and kept one acre for himself. They said, "No, you must keep more. You are not accustomed to living on so little"—but he refused.

Some of the Harijans at first refused the gift for it was very bad land. But the helpers persuaded them to accept it. Soon afterwards a flood in the area washed down a lot of silt and covered the land so that its harvest was the best for miles around.

"See what God does!" said the villagers.

The Problem of Peace in the World Today

. . . The essential fact which must now strike home to us (and it should have struck home long ago) is that inhumanity and the superman are indissolubly linked; the one progresses in step with the other. We tolerate mass-killing in wartime—about twenty million people died in the second world war—just as we tolerate the destruction by atomic bombing of whole towns and their populations. We tolerate the use of the flame-thrower which turns living human beings into flaming torches. We learn of these things in the news and we judge them according to whether they signify a success for the group of nations to whom we belong or for our enemies. When we admit to ourselves that they were the direct results of an act of inhumanity, our admission is qualified by the reflection that "war is war" and there is nothing to be done about it. In so resigning ourselves, without any further resistance, we ourselves become guilty of inhumanity.

The important thing is that we should one and all acknowledge that we have been guilty of this inhumanity. The horror of that avowal must needs arouse every one of us from our torpor and compel us to hope and to work with all our strength for the coming of an age in which war will no longer exist.

—Albert Schweitzer, in his Nobel Peace Prize Address
Oslo, Sweden, November 4, 1954

Memories of Troubled Days in Prague—I

Rescue OF THE Germans

by Olga Fierz

Translated from the German by Kathleen W. Sayre.

THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE uttered a sigh of relief when, after four and a half years of terrible mass murder, the guns were stilled at last in the early spring of 1945. The relief was felt most deeply by the peoples who had fallen under Nazi domination. Terror and coercion had paralyzed their personal life, impoverished the land, and sent many of their sons to concentration camps.

For the Czechs in Prague, it was as if they had emerged from the ark into daylight after the Deluge. A busy life began again in the desolated land. Some sought their property, confiscated in the war, their lost jobs; others took advantage of the chaos to enrich themselves and gain positions of power. The embittered thought of revenge, while the charitable, who had had to work in secret during Hitler's "Protectorate," could at last develop the aid they had been planning for the victims.

It had taken Premsyl Pitter ten years of tireless effort before the war to build up his home for neglected children in a slum area of Prague. Now, suddenly, he became master of four country mansions and a villa. The Council of the Czech Revolution had taken them over as German property and placed them at Pitter's disposal as Recovery Homes for children from concentration camps.

It was a superhuman task that a small group of his friends accomplished, to convert these partially plundered mansions quickly into functioning Children's Homes. By May 22 the first forty children were brought from the Theresienstadt Ghetto. More followed each week, along with young people who had survived the terrors and deprivations of the German concentration camps. Soon two hundred children, mostly Jews who had seen their parents disappear into the gas chambers, were living in these beautiful country seats.

Love Brings Rebirth

Their spirits were more broken than their bodies, but good nursing and loving care brought about a veritable rebirth. "Only now do I begin to realize," wrote Jehuda later to Premsyl, from Israel, "what good fortune, what a wonderful thing, it was for me that I came into your hands after the war, and regained my faith in mankind as I saw so much love at work around me."

But peace, which meant release and a new life for many, brought to others calamity. The worst fate befell the Germans who were caught by the end of the war in an enemy country that Hitler had occupied. Suddenly they were defenseless in the face of the accumulated anger and vengeance of the freed peoples. In Prague these passions were roused to an extreme degree, for there, while in other countries the bells were ringing for peace, the S.S. troops had resisted surrender and given way to wanton destruction and murder.

In the first week of peace, an anonymous telephone call summoned Pitter to an unknown family. I went with him, along the edge of the Olshany Cemetery. Stray shots at entrenched Nazis sounded here and there behind the high wall. It was not far to the modern Flora section of the city, where Germans had occupied many homes of deported Jews, but there a tumultuous mob barred the way. German women, driven out of the buildings, were clearing away the barricades and restoring the torn-up pavements. They worked with bent heads under the vituperation and lashes of a mob roused by one of the last street battles. Pitter tried to calm their passions, and barely escaped a thrashing himself.

We steered a course through byways to our goal, protected by white armbands with a red cross. At our destination we found a German woman and her two small grandsons cowering in terror. The old lady poured out her woes. On the street below they could hear

PREMYSL PITTER

Rescue of the Germans is the first instalment of a two-part report on the work of Premysl Pitter by **Olga Fierz,** an FOR member who worked with him in Prague during the period she describes here.

Premysl Pitter was born in Czechoslovakia. A member of FOR, he is best known as the founder of Milicuv Dum, a religious social settlement for children in the slums of Prague. Pitter was director of Milicuv Dum throughout the Nazi occupation, and during the difficult postwar years. In 1951 he was branded "politically and ideologically unacceptable" by the new Communist regime. Facing a probable sentence of forced labor for his nonconforming pacifist outlook, Pitter escaped to West Germany, where he has since labored indefatigably for refugees coming to a camp near Nürnberg.

the sharp spatter of shots. Mobs had broken into the building time and again, threatening loudly to chase them out. Frau König's two sons were at the front; the mother of the boys had stayed behind in Leipzig. What would happen to these boys in this strange city if she should perish in the turmoil? They did not know a word of Czech and had not dared to leave the house for days.

We consulted a kindly neighbor.

"We Czech householders," he said, "have been able up to now to protect Frau König from internment. She and the boys have never behaved with arrogance, but the self-appointed informers and guards are becoming more and more intrusive, and we are powerless. Is there no protection for the innocent?"

Red Cross Miracle

Unfortunately the answer was no, there was none, but Premsyl Pitter attached a notice in Czech to Frau König's door: *"This apartment is under the protection of the Red Cross."* It worked a miracle, and for a while Frau König was unmolested.

In June there came a new threat to turn them out of the house. Someone wanted the nice apartment and had incited the Local Council afresh against the Germans. I sought out the interested person. He was a bank official, one of those newly converted Communists who had only his own selfish aims in view. I pictured the sad plight of the old lady and begged him to be patient about the apartment until it should be possible for Mrs. König to move back to Germany. He did not show any ready response to this human plea, but he did not refuse, so the appeal apparently helped a little.

A German Visitor

We had such an enormous task in the care of the Jewish children that we were able but seldom to visit Frau König. One evening, when all was quiet at Milicuv Dum, the bell rang. Pitter, who was working at his desk, called through the window, "What can we do for you?"

"Herr Pitter?" asked a man's subdued voice in German.

That could only be someone seeking help. He was admitted.

"I am König," the stranger introduced himself, "and have just come from Germany to take back my mother and children. But they are no longer in the apartment. I was told they had been interned, and the janitor said that only you, who have done so much for them, could help me to find them."

We needed time to recover from the surprise that a German had dared to come to Prague at that time and could stand before us a free man. An anti-fascist statement had opened the way for him. He had been in prison several months under Hitler.

The following day we went with him from pillar to post, to find out where Frau König could be located. Ordinary mortals would not have dared at that time openly to help a German. Pitter was armed with his certificate as a member of the Revolutionary Council, I with my Swiss passport. Even so, we were obliged to swallow uncomplimentary remarks. But we reached our objective. Frau König, we were told, was in the Rais School, an old school building that had been damaged by bombs and was out of commission.

In front of the school building

stood two heavily armed guards. They were turning away a woman with a small package.

"Visitors are not allowed!"

But the stamp of the Revolutionary Council made an impression, and Pitter was taken to the commandant, a former Czech major who had returned to service immediately after the war. Accompanied by a guard, we were permitted to look for Frau König.

School of Revenge

We found an inferno, of which the citizens passing by on the sidewalk outside had no conception. More than a thousand Germans, mostly women and children—for almost all the men had been at the front—were packed together in the classrooms and cellars. They lay or sat on the bare floor, without even any straw. The sick and the well, grown-ups and children, all lay together like limp flies caught by the frost. One of the internees, a German doctor in a dirty smock, pointed hopelessly to a room in which he had been able to isolate the babies in arms. There they lay, with wrinkled faces, on the school desks: just skin and bones, like dried-up old men. They didn't get any milk, for it had been ordered that the Germans should have only the rations that they had allowed the Jews. There was a lack of other foodstuffs, too, and of sanitary arrangements. Undernourishment and infectious diseases had carried off many, especially young children.

We found Fra König in the cellar, where she and the boys had been for days. The news of the arrival of her son brightened her lifeless face. Stirred to the depths, we left the internment camp.

We managed to get a permit to take Frau König out, on condition that she and the boys leave at once, with her son. We took them overnight into our Home. They were literally starved, so that we did not dare to offer them more than a light gruel. Cleaned up, rested, and provided with supplies for their trip, they left the next morning with one of our Czech helpers, to begin the long train journey to the west.

Our proteges had been rescued, but what was to happen to the many unhappy souls remaining in the camp? The glimpse he had had into the Rais School gave Premsyl Pitter no rest by day or night. He tried in many quarters to rouse influential people and offices to help. When the Physician-in-Ordinary to the President of the Republic came to visit the children, he took him along to the Rais School and begged him to procure milk for the starving German children—but not even the President himself could do that! In the Social Committee of the Revolutionary Council, Pitter movingly described the misery of the internees. This had a disillusioning effect on the revolutionary fervor of some of the members, but there was little hope that their intervention would bring immediate results.

A Bold Alternative

Then Pitter decided on direct help, a courageous attempt that seemed like madness at that time. He surprised his friends with a permit from the newly reorganized Ministry of Social Welfare to bring the German children out of the Rais School and take care of them.

Within two days the revived Jewish children were moved from two mansions into one. The foreigners among them were ready for transfer to England. Schloss

Lojovice was converted into an isolation hospital for German children, and on July 26, 1945 the first thirty children were brought from the Rais School. I shall never forget how we brought these half-starved children (some of them dying) out of the city to the Schloss Lojovice in an old omnibus with Red Cross insignia; how, weak and exhausted, they lay on the grass of the park; and later, with the exception of two for whom help had come too late, gradually revived. This was the beginning of the second and still more important chapter of the "Schloss Era." In the course of almost two years, more than four hundred German children from Czech internment camps were to find deliverance and protection in these mansions until, after long and painstaking inquiry, their families were found and they could be reunited.

"If you only knew, dear Frau König," I thought often to myself, "what blessings have sprung from your sufferings." When, five years later, I was in Switzerland, I was able to get in touch with her again. I received a sad, discouraged letter from Karlsruhe. She was in constant pain from the effects of the troubles and deprivations of those weeks in Prague. She had only one wish: to see her Czech benefactor again. I tried to comfort her with an account of the results that her sufferings in Prague had brought about. They were, indeed, the gateway to the rescue of many German children and the happiness of mothers to whom their children, restored to health, were returned. It is possible that Pitter, if he had not come to know her, might have learned in other ways of the terrible need—but certainly much later and, for many of the children, too late. So I hoped that my letter might lighten her memories of what she had endured, and her condition become more bearable. Her sufferings had surely been used by God for the deliverance of many.

About This War Business

I am not a conscientious objector. I do not say that with any particular pride. I say it just as I would say that I am not entirely sanctified. I have got to the place where practical considerations weigh pretty heavily. The minute you talk about working an anti-war program clear through, I see a good many objections. I am not a conscientious objector; but I believe that when war is finally put away it will be the conscientious objectors who do it—people enough in earnest about the matter to say, "We will stand up and be shot rather than go to war for any purpose whatever." That embodies a great deal of risk; but does it contain any more risk than the present system? I am not going to volunteer to be shot. That is a type of heroism that I have not attained to; but . . . that is the spirit that will put war out of the way.

I will probably, if another war comes, do exactly as I did before; I am not going to fool myself about it and fall down when the time comes. But just the same, the men that are going to put war out of existence are the men who say, "We will not go under any circumstances—offensive, defensive or any other kind, I am not going to do it." That is the type of men that are going to put war out of the way.

—Bishop Francis J. McConnell speaking at Smithfield Methodist Episcopal Church
Pittsburgh, Feb. 27, 1924

U.S. Drops Defense Work Demand For Naturalized COs

The U.S. Attorney General's office has finally reversed its policy of making willingness to work in defense industry a precondition for citizenship applications by alien COs. In a letter dated December 23, 1955 and signed by John V. Lindsay, Executive Assistant to the Attorney General, the policy change was announced as follows:

> The Immigration and Naturalization Service has issued instructions that a petitioner for naturalization who expresses willingness to perform work of national importance under civilian direction will not be interrogated further regarding the type of such work he is willing to perform. The cases of such petitioners, including those who are unwilling to work in a munitions or defense plant, will be presented to the courts with favorable recommendations.

The National Service Board for Religious Objectors, which received the letter, reports that I & N officials have also stated that, in cases where citizenship applications have been denied to COs solely because the latter were unwilling to work in defense plants, the negative recommendations will be withdrawn and favorable recommendations will be submitted to the courts. According to the NSBRO's estimate, some 25 or 30 conscientious objectors will be affected by the ruling. The NSBRO has announced that it will appreciate reports from these COs, and will give help to any who may still encounter difficulties in their naturalization proceedings. Its address is 1105 K Street N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

Johannesburg Bishop Brands Apartheid "Suicidal"

Dr. Richard Ambrose Reeves, Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, South Africa, has denounced the government's race segregation policy as a "fantastic flight from realities" and a practice that is degrading and suicidal for South Africa's white population.

In a sermon at Standerton, a Nationalist (pro-apartheid) stronghold, Dr. Reeves warned: "The Scriptures have made it quite clear that the only Christian communities are those in which people of all colors are treated with equal humanity and dignity."

Among the Boers, who are the mainstay of the Nationalist government, another voice of resistance was heard. In his new book, *Whither South Africa?*, prominent Dutch Reformed theologian Dr. B. B. Keet, in a passage quoted by Dr. Reeves, characterized apartheid as "an illusion which really belongs to the land of dreams."

Heifer Project Plans Biggest Shipments

Heifer Project Inc. has set itself the record task of shipping 1,545 cattle, 627 goats, 295 pigs, 2000 sheep, 168,000 chicks, 2000 hatching eggs and 130 packages of honey bees to war-devastated or agriculturally underdeveloped areas in 1956. These figures illustrate the intercreedal agency's description of the 1956 program as "the most ambitious ever attempted." They reflect, for example, nearly double and triple last year's total of cattle and goats, respectively.

The Heifer Project was formed eleven years ago largely by Church of the Brethren efforts. It has the support of a number of Protestant and Catholic church and service groups, including the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Its newest member is the National Farmers Union.

Last year a total of 37 shipments were made, three of them being "firsts": to Angola, India and Pakistan. The international character of the Project is exemplified by one of last year's "outside USA" shipments, when the people of Holland sent 60,120 Khaki-Kampbell duck eggs to Korea for hatching. This breed of duck lays a large number of edible eggs and is expected to thrive in the marshy regions of Korea.

The Project likewise "does the truth" on the racial front. Negro and white farmers in Mississippi were helped by an "inside USA" shipment of cattle. The farmers, formerly sharecroppers, had become owners of small cotton farms but were in danger of losing their holdings under the strain of the continuing cotton surplus, with its concomitant slump in prices. Under the direction of the Prentiss Institute, a Negro school, and with the help of the cattle shipment, the farmers are diversifying their farms.

Dixie Governors At Odds On Supreme Court Ruling

As Governors of four Southern states convened to discuss ways of evading the Supreme Court's decision against racial segregation in schools, a fifth, Governor Frank G. Clement of Tennessee stood fast on his intention to implement it.

The pro-segregation governors of Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia, meeting at Richmond, formed a united front to fight school integration in their states. At the end of the conference, held on January 24, a three-point resolution was adopted, calling for the legislatures: (1) to adopt a "resolution of interposition" which would nullify the Supreme Court ruling; (2) to make representations to Congress for legislation to "protect the states . . . against . . . encroachment by the Central Government"; and (3) to make use in each state of "such other . . . legal measures as it may deam advisable. . . ."

In Nashville, Tennessee, meantime, Governor Clement rejected an appeal from a delegation to "lead the fight for States Rights." Members of the delegation carried placards with such slogans as "Segregation or War" and "God, the Original Segregationist." In response to their demands, the Governor reaffirmed his policy of proceeding calmly with gradual integration and scolded the racists for having distributed racial "hate" literature and obscene photographs on their arrival at the capitol.

The stand of the Tennessee gov-

ernor was only the latest in a series of such displays of courage by white men in that state. Last fall, the Chattanooga Board of Education came forward with a statement of principles which could well serve as a model for other communities. Although lacking a definite program of action and stipulating no deadline, the Board's statement clearly dissociates itself from die-hard Jim Crow hopes for scuttling the public schools in favor of the subterfuge of state-aided "private" schools. "It has taken more than 75 years," the Board declared, "to bring our public school system to its present degree of service to the children and the community."

In Virginia one-third of the state's voters, mostly white, voted against the constitutional amendment which legalizes public aid to "private" Jim Crow schools. In Arlington, Alexandria and Fairfax counties, the amendment was rejected by a vote of 28,000 to 20,000. Credited with this striking overleaping of the statewide trend were the sermons of clergymen of all faiths. In a pre-election statement, the Alexandria Ministerial Association reported that virtually every pastor in the city, regardless of denomination, had gone on record against the amendment.

Norway Maps Tougher Draft Law

The government of Norway, in a recent report, has proposed a tightening up of its present draft law to reduce "the number of those capable of service who are lost to the defense forces." Under the present law, any "serious conviction" is sufficient ground for CO status. If the new proposals are enacted into law, only men with "religious and moral convictions" will be exempted from the draft; a special jury will decide cases passed on to them by the local board; and three types of unarmed service will be specified for those classified as COs: 1) noncombatant service in the armed forces, 2) civil defense work, and 3) civilian work of usefulness to the state. Civil defense work, a new concept in Norwegian conscription, is already an alternative in the Netherlands.

Swiss Churchmen Seek Ban on Atom Blasts

In Geneva, prominent Protestants and Roman Catholics joined forces recently in a new national committee called Swiss Action Against the Atomic Danger. The group seeks action by the Swiss government to induce the great powers to halt experiments with nuclear weapons and eventually to renounce their use by common accord. Among the group's supporters are Rene Leyvraz, editor-in-chief of the Geneva Roman Catholic journal, *Le Courrier;* Pastor Marcel Pradervand, executive secretary of the World Presbyterian Alliance; and the well-known Dominican priest, Father Marie-Martin Cottier.

An editorial in *Le Courrier,* boosting the new committee, said that it is "the duty and mission" of Switzerland, as "the country of the Red Cross and so many humanitarian initiatives, to make its voice heard in world discussion on atomic experiments and war," and added that the group, which is free of any political ties, "can be supported . . . by all citizens who want . . . to counter the atomic peril according to the Christian spirit and in a truly Swiss way."

Churches' "Hour of Sharing" To Aid Needy Overseas

"Share Our Surplus" is the motto of the Church World Service's program of world-wide service to the hungry, homeless and disaster-stricken. In the past year the S-O-S program, a cooperative effort of the major U.S. Protestant and Eastern Orthodox communions, has distributed American surplus foods free to people in many areas. Of special note is the aid given in the flood-disaster areas of India and Pakistan. Here, according to Church World Service reports, Christian missionaries have met with many instances of mutual and reciprocal sharing by the distressed inhabitants. No mere handout, S-O-S has found a response of self-help as well as gratitude. Many local pastors, doctors, teachers and others have given generously of their time to help distribute S-O-S food.

The Share-Our-Surplus program is made possible by an annual "One Great Hour of Sharing," a united appeal by churches throughout the United States. It is conceived as "a people-to-people gift from Americans sharing their abundance in Christian witness and stewardship." The "Great Hour" this year is slated for March 11, and funds are as much needed now as ever to continue this experiment in brotherhood.

American SCI Group Plans Spring Camp

Indianapolis will be the location of a week-long work camp to be held from March 30 to April 8 by the American wing of *Le Service Civil International*, a world-wide social service organization with headquarters in Zurich, Switzerland. SCI, whose motto is "Not Words But Deeds," is further described by its emblem, the blade of a shovel bearing the word PAX, superimposed on a broken sword. The Indianapolis work camp will take place at Flanner House, a pilot project in that city which aids Negro families in building their own homes, in addition to carrying on the functions of a regular settlement house. Previous work camps at Flanner House have been held by the AFSC, the United Christian Missionary Society, and other groups. The House furnishes dishes, cots and a $1-a-day food allowance. Work campers have to bring their own blankets or sleeping bags, and are urged to contact either Gerold Baumann, Flanner House, Indianapolis; or Bob Stowell, Cabot, Vermont, as early as possible.

"Think of Consequences," Nehru Bids Scientists

Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, inaugurating the 43rd annual session of the Indian Science Congress on January 2, has appealed to the scientists of the world to do away with the "atom bombs lurking in our hearts." Scientists, said the Indian leader, can no longer live in isolation, unmindful of the practical effects of their research. Those who do may be very good scientists, he remarked, but they are bad human beings.

Pointing out that the tremendous power which scientists possess can be used either for good or for evil purposes, Nehru added: "It seems to me important that the scientists should take a lead in this matter and help people to think aright. [They must not say that] their duty is only to go on making ex-

periments and make bigger and bigger bombs."

"Think of the consequences of your actions," Nehru warned. The proposition that means are as important as ends is true at any time, he said, but particularly now, when one false step might lead to disastrous consequences.

The danger is not merely that of the existence of atom and hydrogen bombs, the Prime Minister said. "Another source of grave danger is the kind of atom bomb that we nurse . . . in the bosoms of individuals and more so in nations. It is out of this atom bomb that the other bomb comes." The scientist is not an automaton; he too must resolve the conflict of the "atom bomb in the heart," and decide whether to use his unique ability for good or evil. "The crisis of the world today," said Nehru, "is to choose between active cooperation or active hostility and warfare."

Quaker Farm Project Wrecked by Jordan Mob

Violence took a harsh toll of American missions in Jordan this winter. In January a Baptist mission hospital and school at Ajloun, only 30 miles from the Jordanian capital, were laid waste. Furniture and equipment were smashed and burned and valuable medicines destroyed.

Not far away, at Dibbin, FOR members Paul and Jean Johnson were removed to safety only a few minutes before anti-METO rioters stormed into their Quaker village development settlement. The settlement, established in 1953 by the American Friends Service Committee, was destroyed by the rampaging mob, which was protesting Jordan's proposed entry into the Baghdad Pact (Middle East Treaty Organization). Jean Johnson is well remembered at the national office of the FOR, where she worked during World War II while Paul was in prison as a CO. Four other Americans engaged on the Quaker project at Dibbin were fortunately not there when the rioters attacked.

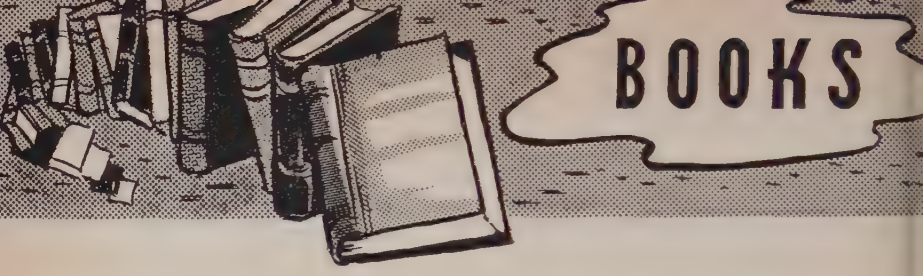
At Ajloun, Dr. Lloyd Lovegren, his visiting parents and his wife were besieged overnight by the same mob, reinforced by local Communists and members of the Moslem Brotherhood. "The destruction was thorough," said the missionary's father, Dr. Levi A. Lovegren, himself a Baptist missionary, "but no serious attempt to harm any persons was evident." The sole casualty was a policeman who was struck by a flying rock during the rioting.

Radio Shows for Peace

Action for Peace in Our Town, a contest sponsored by the Institute for International Order, is offering cash prizes of up to $400 to local radio stations and community groups who join in presenting 15-minute programs of "original ideas" suggesting practical solutions to the tensions of our time. Details of the contest may be obtained by community organizations —including FOR chapters—from the Institute for International Order, 11 West 42 St., New York 36, N. Y.

Hunter Leads Tour

Rev. Allan Hunter, Los Angeles minister and noted pacifist writer, will lead a month-long tour to Europe this summer, including visits to pacifist leaders in Europe.



A Gold Mine

The Challenge of Man's Future. By Harrison Brown. Viking Press, New York. 1954. 267 pages. $3.75.

Harrison Brown, one of America's foremost geochemists, has taken the great problems that face the world human community—problems of food, raw materials, population, energy—and demonstrated that these problems, and not simply Soviet imperialism, are the ones humanity needs to face.

In the not too distant future, for example, "supplies of fossil fuels will almost certainly be exhausted," making men completely dependent upon water power, atomic energy, and solar energy. This transition period "will happen only once during the lifetime of the human species. We are quickly approaching the point where, if machine civilization should, because of some catastrophe, stop functioning, it will probably never again come into existence."

The results of such a catastrophe would be incalculable, since our intricate machine civilization is essential to the conversion of water, sun, and ore (atomic) into energy. Without that energy, it would be impossible to provide the food, vaccines, antibiotics, and medical services necessary to present living standards and populations.

Brown points out that "practically all major industrial countries are now aligned on one side or the other of a major dispute," and adds, "It is clearly within the realm of possibility that another war would so disrupt existing industrial societies that recovery would be impossible and the societies would either revert to agrarian cultures or become extinct."

His chapters on population, food, and energy are so full of little known facts, and excellent analysis, and are presented in such readable form that they are literally a gold mine of interpretation for understanding the future.

Because there is so much in this book it is difficult to select from it parts for review. It deserves the widest possible reading.

—JOHN M. SWOMLEY, JR.

A Grass Roots View

From Where They Sit, by Dorothy Hutchinson. Pendle Hill pamphlet 84. 1955. 32 pp. 35c.

Dorothy Hutchinson, housewife, writer, lecturer and "weighty Friend," became disturbed at the "obvious lack of frankness" on the part of several eminent foreign diplomats who spoke at a symposium. "They had seemed to be talking," she wrote, "to be overheard by the Press and the State Department."

Mrs. Hutchinson wished aloud that Americans might have the opportunity to find out what the plain

eople of various lands thought bout these great problems. Mem-ers of the Abington Meeting of riends overheard her, with the esult that a few months later she nd Hazel DuBois were winging neir way around the world on a nree-months trip that took them nto private homes in the Nether-nds, Germany, the Philippines, akistan, India, Israel, the Arab tates, and Thailand.

From Where They Sit is, as the itle suggests, an attempt to in-erpret what the travelers heard rom their hosts. It is well written, ersuasive, and sometimes moving. Vhile it does not add a great deal f new material to what pacifists ave been saying for some time, it oes provide a compact and read-ble statement that will be valu-ble for slipping into the hands of n unconvinced acquaintance, or or leaving on the dentist's reading ible for the next patient along.

—A. H.

The Temper of Africa

hey Wait in Darkness, by George W. Shepherd, Jr. John Day Co., New York, 1955. 308 pp. $4.00.

I am deeply impressed with this ook for two reasons. First, it very eadably combines George Shep-erd's personal experiences as the anager of an African farmers co-perative in Uganda with a sense f history. Shepherd was in Uganda rom 1951 to 1953. The wave of ationalism sweeping over the rest f Africa was being felt in Uganda oo. The Uganda National Congress as formed with leadership com-ng from the Africans with whom hepherd had the closest working elationship. The Mau Mau move-ent in neighboring Kenya arose, nd Shepherd, in trips to Kenya, felt the temper of the people there, met and experienced the anti-white sentiment of Jomo Kenyatta, the then leader of the Kenya African Union. The Kabaka (king) of the Baganda people in Uganda made his statement about the necessity of self-government for Uganda and later was banned for this. The liberal-minded Sir Andrew Cohen became the Governor of Uganda, and certain reforms eventuated. These and other historic events are a backdrop for the story of Shepherd's personal experiences in helping the Federation of Uganda African Farmers get on its feet. The struggle to get equality for the African farmers with the Europeans is a thrilling one.

The second reason the book appeals especially to me is that through its pages the author reveals himself as a man who knows no barriers of race. This is in contrast to the usual European way of life in Africa of keeping a chasm between the white and the black. If I were privileged to work with African farmers, I hope I would conduct myself as Shepherd did. He lived and worked with his co-workers in the Federation. He went with them on lengthy trips around the country under difficult conditions. He had a firm policy of staying nowhere that Africans could not also freely go. His trip to Kenya by train with an African companion reads like one of our CORE projects here in this country as barriers were broken in the dining car of the train, for instance, as he and his African companion ate together. There are very few white persons in Africa who live and work as George Shepherd did in Uganda. Yet if there is to be a creative solution to the problem of race relations in various parts

of Africa, as Shepherd points out, it will be only as the minority of white people recognize that there is no place for European exclusiveness in the awakening Africa now.

The final section of the book deals with the unfortunate role of the United States in trying to maintain a neutrality in the face of the rising demand for freedom from colonialism among the African people. One evidence of this U.S. position is the denial of a passport to Shepherd by the State Department. This kept him from being able to return to Uganda at a crucial period following what he hoped would be only a three months' visit home. The charge against him was that he was engaged in political activities in Uganda, although it was denied by the State Department that he was suspected of Communist sympathies. He fought the case for two years, and only recently his efforts were rewarded as the State Department renewed his passport. He at least has the satisfaction of knowing that his case has helped to liberalize State Department policy.

—GEORGE M. HOUSER

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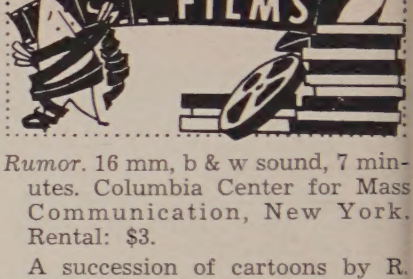

Rumor. 16 mm, b & w sound, 7 minutes. Columbia Center for Mass Communication, New York. Rental: $3.

A succession of cartoons by R. Osborne, not animated, dealing with the start of a rumor and its growth into a race riot. This is another of the films intended to lead into discussion. Both cartoons and narration are technically good, but there is some question whether the pictures add anything significant to the text.

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Amos MacMellow

. . . was a tightfisted fell

Though kindly to family, neighbor and fri
his pride of possession just wouldn't unb
So, month after month, when the postman deliv
his copy of FELLOWSHIP, here's what he
Down in the cellar he sneezed and he shiv
and crept with a lantern. In a corner he
and, no one to see him, he feasted his
But one day a neighbor, young Phineas C
got wind of these antics and planned a surp
When Amos was settled and snug in his n
young Phinny slipped in and crept up un
and suddenly bellowed, "Well, Amos old b
what devilish dark secret is this all abo
A startled MacMellow, embarrassed, leape
and stammered, "How did you find o
The rest of the story is easy to g
not only did Amos blurt out and con
but he mended his ways and let everyone k
Not only young Cook, but old Mrs. H
the Karnovs and Quintos and many a neig
read FELLOWSHIP now. It just goes to s
—it's silly indeed to withhold such a bo
from peaceminded people all over the co

WHAT made Amos MacMellow change his m
Maybe he suddenly realized that all good thing
better shared. Or that in today's world of the atomi
ters, more and more people are anxious to find wa
peace. Certainly there are reasons aplenty for brin
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